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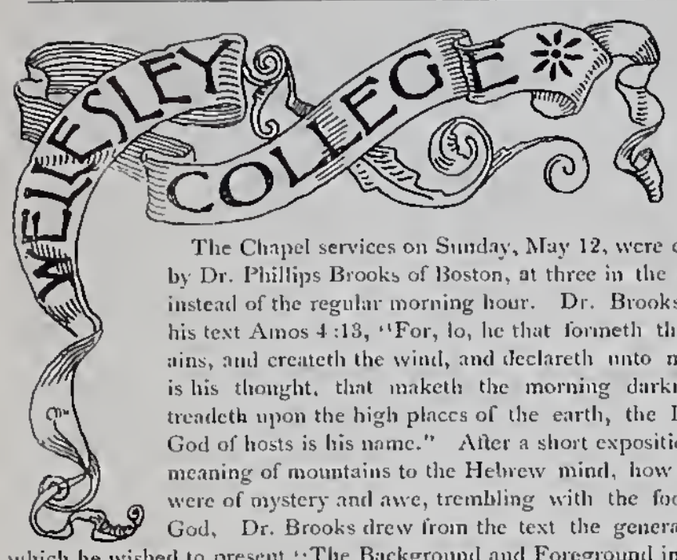

The Chapel services on Sunday, May 12, were conducted by Dr. Phillips Brooks of Boston, at three in the afternoon instead of the regular morning hour. Dr. Brooks used as his text Amos 4:13, "For, lo, he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, the Lord, the God of hosts is his name." After a short exposition of the meaning of mountains to the Hebrew mind, how full they were of mystery and awe, trembling with the footsteps of God, Dr. Brooks drew from the text the general subject which he wished to present "The Background and Foreground in Human Life." A background and foreground, he said, make the setting of every human life. Great truths, broad and general principles form the background to which our eyes turn from the immediate activities and pleasures which form the foreground. In general we need not to be warned to ignore the foreground. Only a few dreamers here and there forget the details of life. The danger is lest we forget the background. To most men the immediate activities and circumstances of life are so pressing that they forget the great immortal truths back of them. The text is a great suggestion of the Divine background of all life. We feel the superficiality and the lack of distance in our lives.

In youth the landscape most easily constructs itself from the great surrounding truths and principles. Later in life the present occupations are less vivid. Then, too, youth is inspired by the eternal verities to which it looks forward. Thus the landscape of youth is most harmonious.

There are some special ways in which the great and more lasting stands behind the more present and temporal. Behind action one must feel being. In the French Revolution one must see the utterance of the noble character of an oppressed and down-trodden class. One must see in a great reformer not a happy accident, but the expression of the deep necessities of human life. The impression of a character must be behind a deed. From the simplest act one may know something of the character of the doer. An engine has no background of character, its action is a complete and final thing. Man, being character, cares for nothing that has not character behind it.

Harmony between the background and foreground of life means harmony between the character and deeds, and this is the result of watchfulness of character and watchfulness of action. Idealists say: "Be rather than do." Others say: "Do your duty, don't worry about the condition of your soul, and the world will not ask, when you are dead, what kind of a man you were." "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone," said Jesus, and perhaps these are the most continually needed words He ever spoke.

By what culture may we bring into harmony this background of character and foreground of action? There is only one. The culture of personal loyalty to the Master, admiration of His Nature and obedience to His Will. "If ye love me keep my commandments," said Jesus. There is your background of character and foreground of action—personal love, service and acceptance of Christ. Christ has made you a new creature in Himself, given you a new character, opened to you new standards, new judgments, new thoughts, new admirations and new strength, a new background and foreground to your life.

One forgets the greater purpose in the incidents of a journey, yet the purpose lies behind and gives meaning to every incident. So with the purpose of life, unabandoned, unextinguished, unextinguishable, it lies behind every action. The teacher, the student, the lawyer, the merchant, each has not always in mind his purpose in life. Yet that purpose dominates the life. There is no word which does not reverberate it, no act which is not colored by it. Behind the activity of any people is the public spirit, and that is a poor life which is not in cordial sympathy with its own time and its own nation.

Generally a man's profession makes the most palpable background of his life, enfolding itself warmly about every act. It is shown in the way he walks the streets, serves his family and even in the way he thinks of abstract truths. But the foreground influences the background, as well as the background the foreground, through the force of personal nature. A great purpose is ruled by man as well as man by a great purpose. A great purpose has solemnity. Action has absorbing present interest. We are busy and delighted with the activity which a profession brings, but we do not think all the time of that profession.

What kind of a life will this involve? A double life, a life of practical alertness and profound consecration. If we lose the first we become vague dreamers; clattering machines, if we lose the second; sons of God if we have both, full of personal allegiance and loving obedience. Christ is our Lord. If a soul finds in Him its great life-purpose, the great truths and the petty details will come and abide harmoniously in him.

There is another background, the background of prayer. Every true prayer has its background and foreground; the latter of intense, distinct, immediate desire for a particular blessing, the former of quiet, earnest desire that the Will of God be done. Look at Christ's prayer in the garden of Gethsemane. If you leave out either the acceptance of the higher Will of God or the special desire which rests on that universal submission the picture is inharmonious. All prayer may be like that prayer of Christ's. Do we want any request if we know that it is not God's Will? God's Will is our essential wish and prayer. We must feel the mountain above us while working in our little garden. Our special desire and the eternal Will of God will then be reconciled.

All life has this construction of background and foreground. Love for truth is behind belief in any special creed; love of duty behind any particular thing to be done. Where the background is lost, the foreground is thin, flat and weak. Only when man loves and enthusiastically obeys his God; only when Christ brings God to us and us to God, as the great background-builder, can our lives be rich and harmonious.

The chapel service at six o'clock was also conducted by Dr. Brooks. In the evening Dr. Brooks led the Senior prayer-meeting, taking his subject from Phil. 1:6, "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

Monday Evening Concert.

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted the appearance of two popular teachers of our School of Music, on Monday evening—Miss Andrews, pianist and Miss Howe, vocalist. Miss Andrews' delicate and sympathetic interpretation of the masters, together with her finished execution, made all of her selections delightful, especially the Liszt number, displaying, as it did, her skill in these directions in a very marked degree. The perfect ease with which Miss Howe rendered her most difficult selections, shows her to have a thorough comprehension and good control of the voice. The audience was particularly pleased with her group of songs and she responded to their enthusiasm with an English ballad. The program was as follows:

Beethoven.....Sonata in C major Op. 53
Allegro—Adagio—Allegretto.
Lortzing.....Recitative and Aria (Undine)
"So wissen dass in alle Elementen."
Raff.....Gigue with variations from Op. 91
Chopin.....Scherzo in C sharp minor Op. 39.
Martini J. P. A. 1741–1816.....Romanza
"Der Liebe Glück."
Fesch 1700–1758.....Canzonetta
"Tu fai la superbetta."
Pergolesi 1734.....Sicilienne
"Ogni pena piu spietati."
Martini V.....Polacca
"La donna ha dolce il core."
Schumann.....Romanza in F sharp major
MacDowell.....Hexentanz B minor
Marchesi.....Tema con variazioni
Liszt.....Gondoliera and Tarantelle

(Concert Program.)

Prof. Denio's Fifth Lecture.

On Saturday afternoon, May 11, the fifth lecture in the course of Mediaeval German Literature was delivered in the chapel at four o'clock by Prof. Denio.

The subject of this lecture was the literature of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. During this time the literature was chiefly in the form of poetry and the themes were the legends of Lohengrin and Tannhäuser, both of which have been immortalized by the pen of Wagner. The principal successors of the great epic poets were Conrad von Wurzburg Freidank, Thomasin and Walther von der Vogelweide.

The birthplace of the last named poet is not known, and as in the case of Homer, many cities claim him and celebrate his birthday. He was the first poet of political affairs, while all his poems have more variety of subject than the ordinary Minnesinger's. His two hundred poems are divided into Lieder, Leiche and Sprüche. Through the efforts of Scherer a new interest has been awakened in the poems of this, the truest, deepest, and manliest lyric poet of Germany The appreciation of this poet of the people has lately been shown by the erection of a monument in his honor at Bozen Minnesinger, near one of his supposed birthplaces.

With the thirteenth century came in faith, chivalry and religion. In fact, the Reformation of the fifteenth century was only the outgrowth of the popular feeling, which was being fostered and perpetuated by these writers. During this time the country prospered but poetry declined, although the demand for plays increased and one of the old dramas, "Die Zeh Jungfraen," or "The Ten Virgins," has come down to us.

Folk-poetry flourished at this time, and in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, two thousand of these songs were in use. The form of this poetry is narrative, while Gemüth, which has no English equivalent, embodies in one word the spirit of these songs. A collection of these was made by Goethe and Herder, so that we are enabled to catch some of the life of the people of mediaeval times.

We were disappointed at the announcement that it will be necessary to omit the sixth lecture of this course, as the lecturer has been obliged to break his engagement to fulfill duties elsewhere.

Open Meeting of the Shakespeare Society.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Duke Senior, living in exile.....Miss Katharine Pedrick
Frederick, brother to the Duke.....Miss Maud Taylor
Amiens, Jaques, } Lords attending the Duke.....} Miss Mary Winston } Miss Sallie Reed
Le Beau, Lord attending Frederick.....Miss Mabel Curtis
Oliver, Orlando, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.....} Miss Gertrude Nye } Miss Mary Stinson
Adam, servant to Oliver.....Miss Sadie Bock
Touchstone, a Clown.....Miss Bertha Palmer
Sir Oliver Mar-Text, a Vicar.....Miss Louise Swift
Corin, Silvius, } Shepherds.....} Miss Mary Orton } Miss Alice Hamlin
William, a Country fellow.....Miss Louise Magone
First Page, Second Page, } Attending the Duke.....} Miss Ruth Morrill } Miss Lucia Morrill
Rosalind, Daughter to the Duke.....Miss Cecil Goodloe
Celia, Daughter to Frederick.....Miss Ethel Glover
Phebe, a Shepherdess.....Miss Mary Walker
Audrey, a County Wench.....Miss Bessie Macky
The Representative of Hymen.....Miss Alice Libby
Followers and Attendants.

ACT I.
Scene I.—Orchard near Oliver's House. Scenes 2 and 3.—Lawn before the Duke's Palace.
ACT II.
Scene 1.—Before Oliver's House. Scenes 2 and 3.—Forest of Arden.
ACTS III, IV, V.
Forest of Arden.

Music by Miss M. E. B. Roberts and '90 Glee Club.

The insurance inspector is not the only one who sees the need of another entrance to the gymnasium beside that through the culinary regions. But although last Saturday evening the narrow, circuitous route was crowded, and on account of an unforseen delay some of the chairs had not arrived on time, no one was unhappy about it, yet, as the President of the Society said, it was not *as we like it.*" Soon, however, thanks to the patience and skill of the ushers, each one was seated in the place he considered the best, and waited for the curtain to rise.

Now, that curtain did not rise, and never will rise till it finds its place among the finer stage appointments of a Society Hall, but we are only too glad to say that without a hitch it parted;—and, vision of beauty! Would that Ruskin might describe that sylvan scene! It was all real. There was no paint about it. As far as the eye could reach extended the beautiful green of springtime. Such a background could have been produced only by the compact foliage of an unbroken forest or by a certain species of light green cambric. In the foreground, owing to some enchantment of Nature, boughs of the fluttering birch and of rosy apple blossoms swayed from the same trunk, and luxuriant vines started in the most tropical manner from mid air.

So accommodating was this landscape that a slightly elastic imagination could stretch it to meet the demands of the orchard near Oliver's house, the lawn before the Duke's palace or the far-famed forest of Arden.

Above and over it all shone, not the starry firmament nor the noonday sun, but, somewhat more startling, the lights of a chandelier. That chandelier is a sop to Cerberus, that is the, fire inspector. Through fear of him the familiar footlights dare burn no longer, but the actors scarcely missed the inspiring effect of their radiance, for from the front seats the lights of the Faculty beamed most constantly and approvingly, and with reason. The players played well.

Fortunately each actor was especially well suited to his part, and so the charm of naturalness appeared in every character. This was especially noticeable in the case of Orlando. Miss Stinson carried this part with so much ease that many spoke of her dramatic talent. Nowhere more fully than in the first scene did she enter into sympathy with the hero. As the orchard rang with the passionate denunciation of injustice at the hands of the tall and handsome brother, the deep interest of the audience was at once secured.

In contrast to the strength and youth of Orlando the trembling hand and cracked voice of the aged Adam aroused high appreciation. His head wagged from old age, but it was the wiggishness rather than the waggishness thereof that aroused smiles from all parts of the house, whenever Miss Bock uncovered her bald head with its straggling locks.

Another contrast and a very pleasing one, was that offered by Rosalind and Celia. Rosalind fair, coquettish, gay, frolicsome withal,—Celia of darker beauty, sweet, unselfish, sedate, a character uniformly well sustained.

Miss Goodloe's interpretation of Rosalind was scholarly and well wrought out. Now and then came a suggestion of Mary Anderson's charm, or a turn of the head and a piquant gesture which brought Ellen Terry to mind. Miss Goodloe excelled in the lighter parts, but showed her highest power in the scene where news is brought of the accident that has befallen Orlando. When Rosalind fainted the faces of the younger portion of the audience were filled with admiration and wonder, but in the eyes of an old man there were tears.

Rosalind and Orlando were certainly the stars of the play; and yet one could scarcely speak of the others as lesser lights since each member of the constellation shone with a peculiar brilliancy. The Dukes, so different in character, were represented with equal skill. Amiens and the pages delighted all with their sweet singing and the melancholy Jaques is to be congratulated for performing a hard part finely.

Particularly worthy of comment is the fact that Touchstone, with all his lightness of foot and funny sayings, maintained that dignity throughout which is consistent with the wisdom of Shakespeare's clowns.

The Audrey of his choice, represented in Miss Macky's usual irresistable manner, was ever doll-like and bland, notwithstanding the distress of her forsaken lover.

Poor William! Could he but know that, though Audrey jilted him, the audience was won by his single appearance and would fain have seen him more!

Phoebe and the shepherds, too, pleased the spectators, but the audience was not perfectly satisfied till with the help of the vicar and the representative of Hymen, Silvius and Phebe were married, Touchstone triumphantly took Audrey by the hand, Oliver wedded the sweet Celia, and the noble Orlando was united to his Rosalind.

Then came the pretty dance followed by the epilogue in which the beautiful Rosalind, bridal-robed, violet-crowned, bade the delighted audience farewell.

The play was over. Everything on the stage had worked smoothly. The costuming was pronounced excellent. The prompter had not found it necessary to utter a word. The Glee Club had added much to the enjoyment of the evening and Miss Robert's rich voice had charmed all. Everywhere was the evidence of good management.

The audience departed feeling that the actors had not only won laurels for themselves, but had given to others a deeper insight into the beauty and truth of "As You Like It."

The next morning, when congratulations were upon the lips of all, the actors met them with an astonishing silence, having formed an agreement to discourage all discussion of the play on Sunday.

Legenda.

The friends of *Legenda* will be pleased to learn that the number of advertisements which have already been pledged are sufficient to secure the financial success of the publication. All the manuscript has gone to the printer and proof-sheets are expected immediately.

IN SUNNY SOLITUDES.

M. A. W.

There are many among us who feel dumbly the presence in bird-life of a great charm lying at once near and yet far; so that some may welcome a word of mere introduction to a few of these dear earthborn companions and fellow-mortals, who are especially near in these early, leafless days of the budding spring.

We busy folk cannot go far for friends, and our friends, appreciating it, come to us. Dozens of them inhabit the little patch of swamp behind Music Hall. If we go out any sunny morning about seven or eight, we shall find them at their work or play. The robin, with his cheery, hearty song and his air of nonchalance, as he hops about after his breakfast, is familiar to us all. The first after the robin to attract our attention will surely be the white-bellied swallow, who darts with a long, smooth, skimming flight over the open space just south of Music Hall. He sweeps near enough, serenely secure in his splendid wings, to let you see the metallic blue-green of his back and then rises in a great, simple, noble curve to show the pure white breast, which gives him his name. You can never mistake a swallow's flight, and the white breast and nearly square tail serve to distinguish this from the barn swallow. The latter has a tawny breast, almost as dark as a robin's, and a deeply forked tail. But the white-bellied swallows are much commoner near Music Hall, and looking up to that southern gable, you detect the reason. That tiny hole is the occasion of so much and such bitter dispute that you may be almost tempted to hold the opinion of Pythagoras, believing that you have before you conclusive proof that the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

But you are recalled by the sound of a creaking hinge. It is sweeter than a real hinge and is followed by the other and commoner note of the red-winged blackbird. Con-qua-ree-e-ee, Thoreau translates it; "The red-wing flutes his o-ka-lee," says Emerson. The first two notes are soft and liquid, often lost if one is far away; the third is a rough trill. And as you look about, you see the author near the top of a tall tree, glorious in his fleckless gloss of black with the yellow epaulettes. The red which gives him his name is just below the yellow and is mostly hidden as he sits, but it flashes out dazzlingly as he sails down to the grass. Notice now that he is on the ground that he walks, instead of hopping like most birds. He is nearly as long as the robin, though not as stout. Perhaps, if you are fortunate, you may get a glimpse of another bird of much the same shape and size clad in a homely stripe of light and dark brown,—the shy, dull mate for whom are his glorious colors and his attempt at song.

Down on the east side of the swamp near the old boat-landing is a favorite place for sparrows. You may meet the song sparrow there, his mouth full of hay, for he is building hard by. He is a small bird with the usual sparrow back and a gray breast spotted with brown. Look, as he turns, for the larger dark spot in the middle of his breast; that distinguishes him from any other that you are likely to meet. He is usually found on the ground or on low bushes, and his song—he is too busy to sing much now—suggests the canary's.

Close by, on the big oak to your right, you may find the chipping sparrow. He is one of the least of sparrows, but as familiar as he is tiny. You will know him by the chestnut cap with the edge of white over each eye, by his clear gray breast and by his chipping note like the stroke of a hammer on stone.

Perhaps, if you are fortunate, you will see the white-throated sparrow, the Peabody bird of the mountains, hopping over the ground or sitting on a low branch. The white spot under his bill, sharply marked from the gray of the rest of his breast, will make you sure of him, if he has as well the ordinary sparrow back, striped in black and shades of brown. But should you catch a glimpse of the bright yellow spot in front of each eye, your assurance will be established in the mouth of two or three witnesses.

Turning from these sweet and domestic but somewhat commonplace sparrows, we go to the other side of the swamp in search of the exquisite warblers. It is like turning from bread to wine. Dainty creatures, rarely quiet for more than a minute at a time, now among the branches, now upon the ground, smaller than the sparrows and as light as the swallows, clad in all dainty and exquisite colors, which seem but the reflection and visible expression of the dainty and exquisite life that fills and overflows the fairy-like chalice. A few are now so common that we can hardly fail to find them, though their constant motion makes it less easy to recognize them than most other birds. Commonest of all just now, though every day diminishing in numbers as the migration season passes, is the yellow-rumped warbler. He is striped everywhere with black, slaty-blue and white, his throat is clear white, and on either side of his breast, at the base of his tail and on the crown of his head, is a spot of clear yellow. Thus the male; the little wife, secure in her attractions, needs not to put on gay apparel, and clad all in black and white, wears just a suggestion of yellow on breast and rump as a loyal tribute to her spouse.

That slenderer bird, who at first sight seems of a uniform, clear yellow, is the summer yellow-bird—one of the few warblers who frequent our gardens and orchards. If he pauses long enough, you will get the brown pencillings on the sides and breast and the dusky olive tinge of the upper parts. No, that is not the yellow bird, though so like. See as he bends his head the bright chestnut patch on the crown. He is the yellow red-poll. We are fortunate to have seen him, for he is *en route* to his northern estate and only visits with us for a little on the way. As he flies you get the white spots on the tips of the outer tail feathers.

That dull olive-yellow gentleman, with black wings marked by a white crossbar, is the pine-creeping warbler. He is fond of oaks as well as of pines, at least in Wellesley, though the books restrict him to the latter. Why one of our best manuals should apply the epithet of sordid to his Quaker-like simplicity of dress, and listless to his simple, somewhat pensive song, is a problem which I leave wiser heads to puzzle out. Those few soft notes are the song of a bluebird.

"April's bird
Blue-coated—flying before from tree to tree,
Courageous sings a delicate overture
To lead the tardy concert of the year."

The blue robin he used to be called, and the name gives the best suggestion as to the coloring. "The earth-tinge on his breast and the sky-tinge on his back," says one of our happiest interpreters.

The big, blue bird, several sizes larger than the bluebird, is the blue-jay. He flies with a flash of blue, white and black, and when he sits or walks you notice the black collar across his gray breast, his bright blue wings and tail, the latter tipped with white, his purplish back and the crest sensitively responding in its rise and fall to every mood of mind.

That little brown-gray fellow with the light breast and the pugnacious head, who darts out from his perch and then, seeming to change his mind in mid-career, comes back to his starting point, is less capricious than he looks. Each dart means the death of an unfortunate insect, for the broad mandibles rarely clash together without imprisoning their prey. That seeming caprice in flight marks of necessity all the fly-catchers, for who would be so foolish as to leave the post which has already proved a good game centre? And in the intervals of business our sober-coated friend amuses himself and us by his familiar call Phoe-be, with a rough break in the second syllable, which suggests that a scolding is waiting for Phoebe when she comes.

And just as we turn to go, who is this that can scarce get out his notes for joy? Tenderness, humor, mockery, melody, all overflowed and buoyed up by the rapture of song and life. Who could it be but the brown thrush—big, happy fellow, bigger even than the robin, because he could not hold all his happiness in a smaller frame? It was surely of him that Lowell wrote:

"The little bird sits at his door in the sun
Atilt, like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives."

Country Children.

MARY ALLISON BINGHAM, '79.

Little fresh violets!
Born in the wildwood.
Sweetly illustrating
Innocent childhood!
Shy as an antelope,
Brown as a berry,
Free as the mountain air,
Romping and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the hedges,
Shaded by sunbonnets
Frayed at the edges,
Up in the apple tree,
Heedless of danger,
Manhood in embryo
Stares at the stranger.

Under the orchard trees
Seeking for cherries,
Out in the meadow lands
Hunting for berries,
Now in the clover fields
Tramping down grasses,
No voice to hinder them,
Dear lads and lasses!

Little fresh violets
Born in the wildwood!
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
God's blue spread over them,
God's green beneath them,
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them!

Antigone.

ALICE BREWSTER, '89.

CHORUS 1115–1155.

STROPHE A.

O thou unnamable, the glory born
Of Cadmea a nymph and thundering Zeus,
Of famed Icaria the foster god,
And ruler of the all-embracing vales
Where Elenisinan Deo sits enshrined.
O, Bacchus, dweller in fair Thebes—
The mother city of thy votaries,
Hard by Ismenus' flowing streams
And offspring of the dragon fierce.

ANTISTROPHE A.

Thou'rt seen through flaming smoke, o'er crested crag
Where move the Cŕycian nymphs—thy graceful train
Where springs Castalia's fount.
And thee the Nysian heights with ivycrowned,
Shores green with clustering branches of the vine,
Send forth upon thy way
With strains immortal chanted to thy praise,
Thou guardian of Thebes.

STROPHE B.

Fair glory Thebes, in honor placed by thee
And by thy mother smitten with Zeus' bolt—
Above all cities first.
E'en now, when stricken by the plague it lies
Do thou, thyself, with healing tread draw nigh,
Down from Parnassus' rocky brow
And o'er the sounding strait.

ANTISTROPHE B.

Thou leader of the fire-breathing stars,
Thou guardian of the voices of the night,
The progeny of Zeus,
Shine forth in regal splendour bright
With thy inspired train
Who all night long in frenzied dance
Iacchus, lord proclaim!

A MONK OF SIENA.

PART I.

CAROLINE T. GOODLOE, SPECIAL.

Along the highway, leading from Siena to the convent of Saint Trinità, walks a monk with a basket of herbs and wine. It is a cloudless June day, but the heat of the sun is tempered by a fresh breeze laden with the odor of flowers, and heavy with the breath of the grape and orange. A slight rise in the road, and before one lie the sloping plains of Tuscany, gold and purple covered; a river glides slowly by the fields of grain, a line of blue reflecting a yet bluer Italian sky, where a handful of white clouds drift lazily. But it is something farther than the blue river, that attracts the gaze of the young monk, whose eyes are accustomed to the perfect scenery; it is the wonder of a child, and the look of baffled inquiry of the philosopher.

He leaves behind the shadow of the Duomo, that great cathedral which Nicola Pisano planned for the pride of Siena and the envy of Florence, away from the influence of the Campanile, with its rival the bell-tower of the Palazza Publico, whose chimes are rung only on days of rejoicing; yet he seems not to have shaken off the spell cast by them. His step is firm and elastic, despite the fatigue he feels; the movements of the lithe figure are not hidden by the heavy folds of the gown, and the cowl, covering a proudly set head, hides a mass of damp brown curls. The bronzed face, with its soft eyes, resembles the canvas of some old Brother, who centuries before dreamed under the unchanging sky, moved by the same bright landscape.

Brother Giovanni is but returning from the Spedale where he has taken medicine from the convent: as he nears the refectory, the bell for the midday meal is rung; the sound is carried across the misty hills, and the peasants walking in the valleys amid the grapes and flowers cross themselves and mutter a prayer. He crosses the long refectory, at the further end of which, in a small recess, is a basin of cool water; there he bathes his flushed face and rejoins his companions at the long board. It is a simple meal of brown bread, fruit, and some freshly cooked fish, the gift of one whose love for angling stands next his veneration for the church. Above the laughter and jest of the cowled brothers, one hears the sound of footsteps resounding through the corridor, and in a moment, silence follows. The new comer is the Father, the holiest man of the convent; his stern grey face, as impassive as though of marble, is marked by strong lines, like those made by a chisel; only the searching eyes give life to a dead countenance. In a moment, each one is leaning forward to hear the first word.

"My brothers," the voice is as cold and grey as the man himself, "there are three strangers in the Hospital of our Lady, arrived this day; they are English people from Rome, and understand none of our speech. Who of you, that can talk with them, will go to their relief? They are burned with fever, but they of the Spedale can give them little help."

Brother Giovanni steps forward. He is indeed tired, but he alone can speak to them in their own language. Father Benedicto places a hand on his shoulder. "Go, my brother, and may God be with you. Fra Antonio will give you the herbs and wine, and stay there until they send you back. Pray for strength and courage." A second later, and the grey figure has left the room, and the footsteps are heard again in the corridor.

Later in the day, Brother Giovanni re-enters the Gothic Spedale della Scala, and passes through the gloomy halls into a small chapel, that of Santa Caterina della Notte; there he offers a short prayer before the white-draped altar with its tall flaring candles; then goes to the room of the rector to receive his orders. The rector is busy writing, he points to a bench with his pen, and without looking up, continues his work. Brother Giovanni, resting his heavy basket on the bench beside him, pulls the cowl away from the brown head, and with clasped hands waits, a motionless figure. The early afternoon sunshine lights up the walls, touches a picture of the Virgin and Child, painted long years ago, turns the colors into flames, reaches the last fold of Our Lady's garment, and sinks lower, making light a dusty iron mace, thrown carelessly away by some dead ruler; reaches the edge of the doorway, and rests for a minute on a cross there.

The Rector turns, lays his pen down, and shaking his cramped body, speaks to the waiting monk. "I was sorry to keep you, my brother, but my work to our President was hardly completed. It is now finished. Will you come with me?" He follows the sun through the doorway, crosses himself at the picture of Christ, in a chapel which they pass, and ascending the steps, leads him into the great airy Il Pellegrinaja. At the north end are three cots as yet unoccupied. "To-morrow, or perchance the next day, will we bring our new patients here, if the fever shall have left them. Do you mark where the sun strikes, and let not the wind blow too roughly; two are in the Room of the Blessed Virgin, where Brother Francisco watches. Go in, and help, for by this time he is wearied; you are yet strong." And pointing to a room on the right, he retraces his steps.

It is no new sight that meets the eyes of Brother Giovanni. He has often been to the Spedale with fruit and wine; has often watched at the bedside of a fever-stricken man in the Blessed Virgin's room, has relieved pain, moistened parched lips, and prayed over the dying. He is still a young man, though he has entered into many of the sorrows of life, yet the boyish face is still happy and sweet. No lines of bitterness have fastened there; the brown eyes look as trustfully into the world, as they did when a child; the head has bent in prayer, but never in shame.

On their white cots, lie the two foreigners: they are strong men now weakened by the dread Roman fever. One turns his strained eyes toward the new comer, as he enters, bringing with him a breath of fresh air into the close room, and says impatiently: "Can you speak English to me, or do you know anyone that can? My brother and I are stifled in this room, and my wife is being treated as badly, somewhere else, in this miserable place, I suppose. This brother has done nothing, nor does he say a word. How was I brought here, and is there an English surgeon or physician in this city." "My brothers do not understand what you say to them. But if you will ask me what you wish, I will answer you." Then turning to the other monk, he inquires, how they were brought there and where the third patient is.

"He says, you were ill when you entered our city; your wife is near by, in the care of our sisters. To-morrow you will see her in Il Pellegrinajo, if you will rest to-day. Now you will sleep," and mixing a little wine with the contents of one of the bottles Fra Antonio had given him, he supports the head while the sufferer drinks. In a short while he sees the weary eyelids close, and the regular breathing tells him the needed rest has come. He goes to the other cot; the figure has hardly stirred since his entrance, and in the dim light Brother Giovanni cannot tell if he be asleep or awake. As he bends over him, the eyes open and the man says:

"No, I am awake. Could you give me some water and a little more air? Ah! that open window is better, and if you will sit in the light for a minute, with your eyes looking straight ahead——there—now put one hand out, and in a moment I will be through." The young monk, surprised, yet looking neither to right nor left, seats himself before the casement, the dying sun turns the brown curls to gold; the grey gown takes a warmer tint, the long shadows, lying along the rough floor, touch the couch of the sleeping man and pause at that of the waking. The sweet face of a Virgin smiles down on the scene; across the tops of the buildings through the mellow air, comes the sound of the bells from the Duomo. The monk changes his position and crosses himself. "Thank you," says the Englishman, "I shall not forget this."

When Brother Giovanni recrosses the room, he sees an open sketch-book in the stranger's hand, and on the page before him, a few hasty, masterful lines done by a hand which illness had not unnerved. It is midnight when he again speaks. The elder man had been moved into another room, and Brother Giovanni watches alone; a rush-light burns fitfully, disturbed by a soft breeze which sweeps in through the window. Outside the warm air was heavy with a thousand odors; a belated bird gave a long low note as it flew past to its young in the belfry-nest; the moon was but coming over the edge of the Palazza Publico. Nothing disturbed the quiet of the Spedale. The great pile of buildings stood sombre and still.

"Signor," says the monk, "are you not weary? Why not take my medicine, and you will sleep? Already six hours of the night are gone; you will be better if you rest." But an impatient sigh and shake of the head; a bright spot burns in either cheek. "She will come to-morrow, she will come," and here he raises himself half up, "she does not know," he cries.

The monk goes to the bed. "The lady is better," he says.

"Not she, I mean another, I must let her know. Will you go to her—or stay. I will write a note, and do you deliver it to her." Tearing a leaf from the sketch-book he is never without, he write a few lines and hands them to his nurse.

"To whom, Signor, shall I deliver it?"

But the head has sunken back on the pillow and only the murmur, 'she will not come,' answers the question.

To be continued.

THE NEW BAYARD.

MARION PELTON GUILD, '80.

Ride forth, O knight, to battle!
White hands their beauty yield
To buckle on thine armor
And poise thy dinted shield.
Lo, how the little children
Upturn their faces bright!
Lo, how the gray old fathers
Have blessed thee for the fight!

Ride forth! The day is breaking
And yonder stalks the foe;
Deep scars and ancient witness
Thy might that smote him low;
But with his ghastly banners
Again he bids the day.
O, grim will be the struggle
Along the spear-set way!

For 'tis no human warrior
Whose hatred bars thy path;
No human shape that beckons
The sword thrusts of thy wrath.
Powers of the realm of darkness
Are mustered in his train,
And off his magic armor
The lances fall like rain.

Yet ride thou forth, O hero!
No lance of steel is thine,
But sped with swerveless lightning
Of purposes divine.
Look to the hills around thee!
Behold the countless throng
Of God's white legions, gathered
To sing thy triumph song!

Thy face is calm and trustful,
But in thine eyes a flame
Of life and death that scorches
The coward into shame:
And round thy mouth the promise
Of victory doth wait,
In lines of conquered passion
And will at one with fate.

Ride forth, O crown of Knighthood!
Our hearts' blood prays for thee;
The captive's fetters tremble
Before thy golden key;
The world's long sceptred evil
Is tottering on its throne;
The Lord of Hosts be with thee
To make the world His own!

—*Christian Union 1882.*

Again.

C. B. P. '84.

If I were dying to-night,
And the lights were burning low,
Would you know by my eyes that were dim
That I loved you so?

Would you know by my hand that you held,
By my lips you would press with a kiss,
Oh then, would you know, would you know,
Although my form you might miss,
That after the tears burst like rain,
And after the sorrow and pain,
In the dear, glad country of Heaven
You would find me and love me again?

—*Religious Herald.*

"Agnus Dei."

JOSEPHA VIRGINIA SWEETSER, '90.

Written on hearing the boy choir of the Church of the Advent sing the St. Cecilia Service, Handel's Hallelujah Chorus, and other sacred pieces, Wellesley, Feb. 14, '86.

Rows of earnest boyish faces
Were before me, while the strain
Of a wondrous glorious anthem
Soared aloft, as if to gain
Entrance at the pearly portals
Of the city paved with gold,
And the fresh, sweet, boyish voices,
Sang once more the prayer of old.

"Lamb of God have mercy on us,
Grant, O grant to us thy peace!"
Agnus Dei, give them answer,
May their praises never cease!
Then the victor's song of triumph,
Loud the grand sweet chorus rings,
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Lord of lords, and King of kings."

One rare voice throughout the singing,
Clear, melodious like a bird,
Seemed to thrill my inmost being
At each wondrous note I heard.
'Twas so weird and yet so tender,
Full of pathos, strangely sweet:
May the singer, O my Master,
Lay his treasure at thy feet.

And the boys were all so earnest,
Sang with all their soul and might,
Still so young and unacquainted
With the world's cold weary night.
Can it be, I thought, and shuddered,
That the boyish voices sweet,
E'er shall speak in words unholy,
Things less grand, less pure, repeat?

Ah! there lies stretch'd out before them
Life with all its various ways,
All will not be hallelujahs,
All will not be songs of praise.
But the Lamb of God who taketh
From the world the stains of sin,
Ever liveth, never changeth,
May he keep them pure within.

And my heart this prayer would offer:
Thou great Shepherd of thy Sheep,
May these boys all know and love thee,
All thy blessed precepts keep.
Consecrate, dear Lord, and guard them,
May their praises never cease,
"Lamb of God, have mercy on them,
Grant, O grant to them thy peace."

—*The Watchman.*

MY RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

MARY S. CASE, DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY.

I call him a Russian novelist, not because he is a Russian, though that may well enough be true, but because the scene of his masterpiece is laid in Russia. I call him mine because, to tell you the truth, he lives only in my imagination. His insubstantial place of residence has serious disadvantages, since you and I cannot read his books; but there is this compensation, that he can be as great a genius as I please to make him, and I please to make him a greater novelist than the world has ever seen. Perhaps you would not like to have me name him John Johnson: it will be better to turn him into Russian at once and call him Ivan Ivanovitch.

If I tell you how he will write his greatest novel, I do not mean that he will necessarily think out deliberately all that I describe. The literary artist is more likely, indeed, than the painter or the musician to know the laws that govern his work. Moreover there are not wanting indications that, after ages of well-nigh perfect art unconscious of its laws and methods, and other ages of criticism in which art disappeared, we may be approaching a time when art shall understand itself and sing with open eyes songs greater than those of the blind bards of old. To such a type my novelist may belong, but on this point I have not been careful to inquire. In any case, since to be unconscious of law is not to be lawless, we must talk of his work as if he had done it with clear knowledge, even though he be really as ignorant of the reasons that govern him as the bee of the laws of mechanics by which it builds.

Ivan Ivanovitch, even if his birth does not entitle him to his Russian name, has lived for many years in Russia. I imagine that for some time he led there an adventurous, roving life, so that he is familiar with all parts of the empire, and with all classes of its people. Perhaps he is not very learned in books, but he knows life, and he sees life in history. He understands not only Russians, but Russia,—her place among the nations, her share in the life of the world. He idealizes her, indeed, but that means, not that he is blind to her short-comings, but that in all her history he sees the working of the ideal Russia that is yet to be. He comprehends the meaning of the struggle that is going on; he understands the differing tendencies that come into collision with each other: he feels the relative justification of each; he sees the mistakes that have thus far prevented any adjustment; he has a vision, albeit indistinct, of the final reconciliation that is to be reached in spite of mistake, even through mistake. One day—it may have been when he was reading the historical plays of Shakespeare or the story of the young patriots in "Les Miserables," he conceived the idea of a novel that should have for its theme the career of Russia. Not obviously, of course: to depict the struggle of the nation as such is the task of the historian: the novelist can deal with national life only as it expresses itself in the life of individuals. So he calls his novel "Vladimir Orloff," and makes the hero a typical Russian. Not an abstract, generalized Russian, to be sure, but a man who, with all his vivid individuality, is a concrete embodiment of the various distinctively Russian tendencies. Thus in him will be reflected the nation with its opposing elements; his history will be an epitome of Russian history, or at least of one of its stages; the national struggle will be repeated in his breast; in a fatal moment he will make a mistake, one in essence with that which Russia makes, and this mistake will bring about the catastrophe of the book, the analogue of the political catastrophe with which it is interwoven. Ivanovitch will never tell you all this; perhaps he hardly knows it himself. You may read the book a hundred times without discovering it; but the relations are real, and you will feel the effect even though you should not detect the cause.

I do not think that the scene is laid far back in the past. Ivanovitch cares little for antiquarian research, and he would rather have you look at his picture than at the frame of it. Perhaps the catastrophe is connected with the assassination of the Tsar in 1881. The story ought really to open at about the time of the emancipation of the serfs in 1861; but that is too long a time to be dealt with easily. It is often supposed, I know, that even the dramatist may disregard time limitations, but that is a mistake. The genius of Shakespeare himself does not save one from a painful shock at the great leap in "Winter's Tale." The novelist is freer than the dramatist in this point; but he cannot safely trifle with the law that requires a fair degree of continuity in his story. Ivanovitch might possibly master the difficulty by the Shakesperian device of making the successive scenes seem more closely connected than a review of the chronology would allow; but the length of time is so great that a simpler solution would be to begin the story about 1875 and so to connect the events with the reforms begun in 1861 that the main facts of the intervening history should be gathered up and woven in.

If I had the knowledge of Russian character and history that I have attributed to Ivanovitch, I might tell you the story of his novel, but as it is, even the few details of plot and character that I can suggest would very likely be modified upon a fuller acquaintance with the subject. I think that Vladimir Orloff is a young man of high rank, a born statesman and leader. He is perhaps of a conservative family; but at the University he becomes imbued with liberal notions. He is introduced to us soon after leaving the University. He has "gone to the people;" that is, he is one of the host of educated young men and women who, in the period between 1870 and 1875 left their homes to live among the most ignorant classes and teach them and help them to better opportunities than life had seemed to offer. Though circumstances force him at length into close relations with Nihilists, he is far too broad to be a Nihilist himself; but he is active and influential in the movement for constitutional reform which culminated in the appeal to the Tsar described by Mr. Kennan in the *Century* for November, 1887. At the very moment of achievement, however, either through a mistake of judgment, or through yielding to some subtle temptation, Orloff precipitates the plots of the radicals. The Tsar takes the first step toward the remedy of existing abuses; but on the next day, before his action is known, he is assassinated. The hopes of the liberals and the fortunes of Orloff are overtaken by a common ruin. But as Orloff's mistake has been somehow parallel to that which the government has all along been making in dealing with the liberals, so in the final catastrophe it will be found not only that his character is purified, but that there are influences at work which shall yet issue in national regeneration. Here again it is not the casual reader that will detect the subtle analogy; but even such a reader will rise from the book, though he knows not why, with a deeper feeling of confidence in the future of humanity.

In developing this story, Ivanovitch never yields to the temptation to devote so much as a sentence to anything because it is interesting on its own account, even though he could weave in extraneous matter as skilfully as Hawthorne in "The Marble Faun." Rather, as in "The Scarlet Letter," every chapter, every paragraph, every sentence is there because the whole requires it: so that nothing could be removed without mutilating the book. Use may be made of peasant lore; but only when it is necessary for the exhibition of character, and for the furtherance of the plot. There may be beautiful description; but never because the author is fond of describing. There may be romantic incident; but never to tickle the palate of the reader who relishes romance.

The book of course finds its unity in Orloff and the national history that he exemplifies. The political agitation of the time creates the atmosphere of the story and is felt on almost every page. Orloff's character and history are made distinctly central. Every personage of importance in the book, whether of high rank or of low, has some influence upon his destiny and is in turn influenced by him. But such a unity is still partly mechanical, as if each element had existed independently and had then been made to act upon another. Artistic unity must be far more vital. Everything in the book is there because Orloff's presence necessitates it, because it must be there to bring out what he is and means. The problem that he has to meet in his own life is reflected in different forms in the lives of others. The various aspects of his character are brought into higher relief by likeness and contrast with other characters. Since he exhibits in his life the conflict of the opposing tendencies that are at work in the State, among the chief characters there must be representatives of these tendencies. Orloff's most intimate friend, probably a fellow-student with him in the University, embodies the intellectual side of Nihilism, and is in love with a blindly emotional Nihilist. The aristocratic element is presented in an official of high rank, who governs his family upon the same despotic principles that he advocates in the administration of the State. His daughter, with whom Orloff is in love, perhaps exhibits the harmonious union of those qualities which in Orloff and in the nation are still unreconciled. It is she who, in the final catastrophe, brings good for everybody out of the evil that has happened. About this central group are clustered such other persons as may be necessary for the development.

Those who have read Mr. Kennan's articles in the *Century* will understand that there can be no lack of thrilling incident. Indeed, when you reflect that the plot is such as necessarily to involve secret meetings, conspiracies, police surveillance, assassination, arrests, imprisonment, exile; when you remember that in Russia all these things are accompanied by circumstances of the most heart-moving character, you will see that nothing will display the transcendent genius of Ivanovitch more clearly than the severe self restraint by which he keeps his story from dropping to the level of the sensational. He eschews every touch of the melodramatic; he admits exciting incidents only when they are necessary. He relieves the stress of the tragedy in manifold ways. He relegates it, as far as possible, to the lives of the minor characters. He alternates it with comedy, though the comedy is never introduced merely for the sake of relief, but springs out of the story and contributes to the development. He even insinuates a comic element into scenes of the deepest tragic pathos, as Shakespeare has done so wonderfully in the sleep-walking scene of "Macbeth." When some outrageous wrong is done, he shows the victim dignified, calm, resolute, so that indignation and admiration at once heighten and relieve one another. Sometimes he makes you feel the insignificance of all that can happen to one from without, by depicting tragedy that depends not on circumstances, but on character. In some tremendous scene of this sort, perhaps at first reading you hold your breath lest the tide of emotion carry you away; yet when you turn the page you find predominant a feeling of awful repose as you recognize behind and through the tumult of national and individual life, the irresistible, slow-working might of the "power that makes for righteousness."

Something like this, I think, will be the greatest of historical novels. It will be as true to fact as the veriest realist could demand, yet it will be in every line an exhibition of the power of the ideal. It will be the expression of an historical insight so keen that you can study this epoch better here than in your history books, unless they too are written by men of genius. It will be based upon a conception of the State and of personality so profound in its truth that the philosopher and the statesman and the moralist will hardly teach you half so much. Do you hold that this is the highest aim of the novelist? Not so Ivanovitch. He never thinks in any word that he writes of what you will learn from it. If he is a critic-artist, he can stand outside with you, and see the truth in his novel: but as for introducing so much as a clause to enforce that truth, how he would scorn the suggestion! He teaches indeed, but only through his art. To create beauty is his sole aim as an artist, and he believes confidently in the mission of the artist. He would no more sacrifice one iota of the beauty of his creation for the sake of teaching you something, than the mathematician would drop out a letter to make a formula more symmetrical. He is careless, then, of truth and righteousness? No: then he would be false to beauty as well. He sees the truth of life and he finds it profoundly beautiful and moral. He has reached "that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light, within him." Ivanovitch the man devotes himself with single heart to the service of the All-Perfect: he fulfils that service as Ivanovitch the artist, gazing with single eye upon the beautiful.

Our Outlook.

In the *Outlook* of Feb. 1 we gave an extract from the address of the President of the French Academy on the occasion of the bestowal of the Bordin Prize. The following item furnishes additional interesting facts:

The French Academy proposed for the subject for the competition for the Bordin prize for 1888 the question: "To perfect in an important point the theory of the movement of a solid body." The prize is three thousand francs.

The Commission, composed of Messieurs Levy, Phillips, Resal and Sarrau, unanimously awarded the prize to the essay No. 2 which bore the motto: "Say what you know, do what is right, come what may," and in their report stated that the essay showed a new method by which investigation could be carried on relating to the movement of a heavy body fixed at one of its points. In *his* profound study the author employed all the resources of the modern theory of functions and the solution was given under a form extremely precise and very elegant. The commission expressed the wish that the crowned memoir might be printed in the collection of the *Memoirs des Savants etrange.*

The President then proceeded to open the sealed envelope accompanying the memoir and proclaimed the name of *Madame Sophia de Kowalewski.*

The vote on the prohibition amendment has been taken and women have had no voice in the matter. If an inhabitant of another planet should now arrive, after having had the case stated to him, he might be imagined to speak as follows: You say that only the male members of the community were permitted to express an opinion on the subject and that this is your practice quite generally. Interplanetary courtesy compels me to assume that you have some good reason for this. As a reason in the present instance, perhaps, the physical organization of your women is such that they cannot be affected, directly or indirectly, by alcohol. If this be true, it is of great physiological interest, yet this could scarcely be a sufficient reason, for though incapable of experiencing its effects, they might still observe its effects on your men. Probably they are mentally incompetent and lack the power to reason. Such systems of education as you may have tried with them have doubtless revealed their incapacity. Perhaps they are also morally deficient and have no sense of justice, no perception of the distinctions between right and wrong. Of course in that case you could not trust them with the ballot. It is remarkable, however, that all your women are in this state of arrested development, and that the most intelligent and upright among them are less trustworthy than the most ignorant and vicious of your male voters. This hypothesis of an inferior female sex ill agrees with the resultant facts, the progress that seems to have been made by your race. The processes of evolution must be quite exceptional and anomalous on this planet. Before I go I wish to see your scientists, your teachers of ethics, your law-makers, in order to learn more of this unique life. You will serve as a specimen, perhaps a warning, for other worlds in other ages.

Intercollegiate News.

The Cornell crew row eight miles a day regularly.

A young ladies' base-ball club has been organized at Allegheny College.

There are 600 American students in the University of Berlin, and over 200 at Leipsic.

Yale issues five periodical publications, Harvard and Princeton four, and Cornell three.

The Columbia annex for ladies has been named Barnard College, in honor of their President.

The nine editors of the Dartmouth annual were suspended because of unsavory allusions to the Faculty.

Dr. Daniel Ayres has given $25,000 toward the endowment of a chair of Biology in Wesleyan University.

Of the 345 students that entered Harvard last year, only 26 were familiar with the Greek language.—*Ex.*

The senior class of the University of Wisconsin have adopted a class ring. This is something new for a college souvenir.

Ex-President White of Cornell, who is at present travelling in Egypt, recently sent a valuable collection of antiquities to Cornell.

One hundred thousand dollars is being raised to endow a chair of Protection in Yale, to combat the Free Trade theories advanced by Professor Sumner.

Rev. W. W. Smith, the best base ball pitcher Princeton ever had, has accepted a call to the pulpit of the Central Presbyterian church, New York, at a salary of $7000.

Vassar College celebrated Founders' Day on April 26. Interesting exercises took place which were attended by the entire college and many guests of the students.

The new Presbyterian college is to be located at Marshall, Mo. The town gives one hundred and forty-two thousand dollars in money, and twenty thousand dollars in land.

The trustees and alumnæ of Rutgers Female College, No. 54–56 West Fifty-fifth street, are making preparations for its semi-centennial, which will take place on Monday, May 6, 1889.

The late William Gammell left to Brown University for its library fund, the sum of $10,000, the interest of which is to be used in the purchase of books relating to United States history.

The steady growth of the University of California is shown from the register for 1889, just issued. The attendance in 1885 at the colleges at Berkeley was 241; in 1886, 250; in 1887, 288; in 1888, 306; and at present, 363.

The new Clark University, Worcester, Mass., offering post-graduate studies and the higher degrees, will be opened in October. Ten fellowships of $400 each, ten fellowships of $200 each and ten scholarships with free tuition have been provided. The tuition will be $200 a year.

There is considerable discussion in a number of colleges as to the advisability of changing their holiday from Saturday to Monday. Many students will not get a lesson two days ahead of time, and Monday lessons are studied Sunday instead of Saturday. Cornell has no holiday at all.

President Barnard of Columbia College, who died April 27, was born at Sheffield, Mass., in 1809. He graduated in 1828 from Yale College with high honors, and in 1864 was elected President of Columbia College. He took part in the astronomical expedition for the observation of the total eclipse of the sun in Labrador. Dr. Barnard contributed much to the literature of science and was also the author of works of practical utility. —*Ex.*

The absolute need of a gymnasium to any college needs no discussion. That Denison needs one is a fact as deplorable as it is apparent. The only question asked is, how soon are we to have this much needed improvement?—*Denison Collegian.* If Denison be worse off than Marietta in the matter of a gymnasium, her deplorable condition should excite the profound pity of the whole college world.—*Marietta Olio.* We think we can go even Marietta one better—or worse—700 students—military drill—and a barn for all that.—*Aegis.* Madison—no gymnasium—no military drill, no barn. But we have a hill to climb.

THE COURANT.

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Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hal Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesey College

Notice to Graduates.

Every Alumna who intends to be present at Commencement, June 25, will please send her name and address that she may receive a ticket for admission. ANNA M. McCOY, Secretary.

One of the Five Societies.

The Art Club which was proposed and started by Prof. Denio at the beginning of this term has been advised to organize itself into an Art Society. This society will be on the same basis as the Microscopical, Shakespeare and Greek Letter Societies, having the essential articles of the constitution much the same as stated in last week's COURANT. Application for membership should be made immediately to Miss Jessie Morgan, secretary of the Art Club. The meetings which heretofore have been somewhat informal will in the future be of a more dignified character and more elaborate work will be put upon the subjects studied.

The object of the society will be the pursuit of art in its broadest sense, not simply the history and literature of Art, but the practical and philosopical aspect as well. It is also hoped that some assistance may be given to those who wish to start clubs after leaving college. In the beautiful new art building with its added collections, the most sanguine hopes are entertained for the growth and prosperity of the Art Society.

College Notes.

The Senior class is to be congratulated in securing for Commencement orator, Prof. J. G. Schurman, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Cornell University, and Rev. Frank Gunsaulus of Plymouth Church, Chicago, to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon, Sunday, June 23.

A second edition of Prof. Denio's translated book, *Queen Louise of Prussia*, has just been issued and will be noticed more fully in our next issue.

Mr. Mabie of New York will lecture before the College on Saturday and Monday evenings, May 18 and 20.

Tree Day will be observed on May 31st.

Invitations are out for the Junior Promenade, June 7th.

The Boston *Advertiser* gives the following notice of a new book by one of the honored Trustees of Wellesley:

The sketch of early New England life of Mrs. William Claflin, which so delighted the Beneficent Society, before which it was read by the author last week, is an extract from a book on the subject, which is soon to be published. The book is very like in spirit to that of Mr. Herbert Sylvester's "Prose Pastorals," and is likely to gain a marked popularity from the same causes that made that delightfully fresh and restful book a favorite. They are like in spirit—that is to say, while "Prose Pastorals" brought to restless, feverish toilers in cities a breath of the air of mountain and wood and meadow, Mrs. Claflin's "Early New England Life" will come with the refreshing breath of days of greater simplicity and purity upon these days of affectation and extravagance, and, if it did not sound like croaking, one might say of social corruption in general.

Mrs. Claflin's style is at once stately, like herself, and playful, as befits the amusing character of her material. Her description of a tea-party made up of the aristocratic ladies of the town—that is, those who could boast a black silk gown—has an irresistible fascination. The writer tells how they all started off early in the afternoon with their company caps and their knitting work: how the hostess met them at the door, sat with them in the best room a while, and then excused herself and went out to bake biscuits, boil the teakettle and lay the table: how, when all was ready, she went in to her guests and, going up to each in turn, made this pretty speech: "Our tea is now on the table. Shall I take your work?" The picture of those dainty, old-fashioned matrons walking out into the clean-sanded kitchen, where the tea table sat opposite the open door that led out into the little garden, is full of a certain quaint poetry. But what could better have served to illustrate the undeveloped state of the social graces in those days than the speech made at the breaking up by Miss Low. She said she'd been tryin' all summer to invite her neighbors into tea, but one thing after another had hindered; she did hope she should be able to invite 'em before the fall work came on—and have it off her mind.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Mary J. Dudley, A. B. '83, of Candia, N. H., has accepted a position in a female seminary at Oakland, Cal. She sails for Europe June 27, returning in September to assume her duties at Oakland.

The present address of Mrs. Harriet Beecher (Scoville) Devan is Buffalo, N. Y., care Custom House. Dr. Devan, who has been since December in the U. S. M. H. S. at Washington, D. C., has recently been ordered to Buffalo.

The second number of the Annals of the class of '86 has been received this week. The opening letter from Prof. Horsford is followed by thirty-two from members of the class and information is given concerning several not heard from personally. The following items will interest the readers of the COURANT:

Miss Annie L. Barrett was obliged to give up her work during the months of February and March on account of ill health. Her place was temporarily filled by Miss Jessie Munger.

Miss Harriet J. Hand sailed for Europe, March 23, with her parents and two younger sisters, for an extended trip through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France and the British Isles. She will return in October.

Miss Florence E. Homer has spent the spring at the South. Ill health compelled her to give up teaching early in March.

A check for one hundred dollars came to the Norumbega Fund this week from Miss Mary A. Hall, '80, of Willimantic, Conn. Although Miss Hall is leading the busy life of a High school teacher and although she is the only representative of Wellesley in the town where she resides, she has planned and successfully conducted two entertainments for the benefit of the Fund. The good people of Willimantic responded generously to her appeals and we thank them and her for this substantial aid.

Born.

At Eau Claire, Wis., April 23, 1889, a son, Horace Marston, to Mrs. Mary Marston Wormersley, teacher at Wellesley, 1877–'79.

In Brunswick, Maine, April 30, a daughter to Mrs. Fannie Robinson Johnson, B. A. '79.

Married.

BURR—AMSDEN—Wednesday, May 8, Blanche M. Amsden, Wellesley '85–'87, to Clarence I. Burr of Granby, Canada.

The Wide, Wide World.

May 11.—Sitting of the Samoan Conference at Berlin. Brutal assassinating of a Corean for exercising charity. Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce closed its hearing in New York yesterday. Tornado in the Potomac valley. Cyclone in Iowa.

May 12.—A new scheme in aid of the Panama Canal Co. to be submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies. Fire on the ocean steamship *Rugia*.

May 13.—Conspiracy against the Czar discovered. Shah of Persia leaves Teheran for St. Petersburg. Death of Bishop, the mind-reader. Cherokees unwilling to sell their lands.

May 14.—War emminent between Brazil and Bolivia. Casualty at Tacoma. Belief that proceedings against Boulanger will fail.

May 15.—Strike in Westphalia. Landslide in Switzerland. Wreck of a British steamer. Valuable tin deposits discovered in Kansas. Indiana coal operators insist on lower wages.

May 16.—Large sugar refinery closed in England. Democrats carry Montana. Death of Allen Thorndike Rice. Conflagration and loss of life in a suburb of Quebec. The Boston elevated railroad bill killed.

May 17.—Death of Queen Mary of Bavaria. More trouble among the strikers in Germany. General Presbyterian Assembly in session at New York. New Mexico train wrecked by a sand drift.

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

We hope not to deprive the '89 tree of what feeble life it has, by the suggestion that, could it speak for itself on Tree Day, it would say with Browning:

"What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me."

WHY?

Senior at table: I wonder why those Freshmen do not come back with the silver!

WHY.

Freshman in Domestic Hall: Say, Fannie, there doesn't seem to be any place to wash the silver just this minute. Did you bring out your little puzzle? I have mine. Let's see who can get the pigs in the pen first.

For the students who are required to write the plots of an original novel; It would not hurt the devotees of Psychology to read it also:

THE COMING NOVELIST.

Philadelphia *Record:* Great magazine editor—"My stars! The writer of this manuscript is the coming American novelist, and no mistake. Note the beauty of his language. It is where the heroine consents to leave her home and journey to a distant land with her lover. She says to him: 'I will ignore past environments, surreptitiously accompany you and, in the subjectivity of psychical attraction, the population of your Commonwealth shall absorb my national and denominational identity until I become permeated with their individuality and am insensibly inoculated with the doctrinal peculiarities of the place of your nativity.' Isn't that fine?"

Assistant—"I am now reading a very pretty story in which the heroine under much the same circumstances says: 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

Editor—"Amateurish! Send it back."

We are surprised to hear that the photographer dared to employ a jumping jack to relieve the dignity of expression habitual to our Senior President.

While the following three notices indicate an unwarrantable thoughtlessness on the part of some of our fellow students in not returning borrowed articles or in borrowing them without permission, they also show the tact and knowledge of human nature of those who advertised for the missing articles.

"Lost, *strayed* or STOLEN!

A very valuable sign.

Will the —— please return it to the place from whence it came."

Would being called a —— be likely to insure a prompt response to the order?

Reading the following contrast, posted near the elevator, an observer remarked: "I almost wish I had the book myself that I might return it."

"An invitation is hereby given to the young lady of this College who has an Anschauungs book not her own, to leave it on the reading-room table this week."

Before the Senior Tree Day address to the Undergraduates a Freshman would like to present an

ADDRESS TO THE UPPER CLASS GIRL.

Over the stairway again and again
I've clambered throughout the day.
The U. C. G. little thinks of the pain
That falls on the Freshman's way.

Before the door of the elevator
I stood in the morning bright:
Full many a Senior I waited for
With rapidly growing fright,

For up on the fourth floor, way up in Room N,
Dread Ethics was waiting for me.
Oh, sorely I wish, and I wished it then,
It had been for a U. C. G.

For it seemeth plain to my youthful mind,
That Justice is laid aside
When a Freshman is left four times behind,
And thus is deprived of her ride.

At the door of the lift when first I came,
Of Seniors grave there were four,
There were only three of the Juniors tame—
These three were there, and no more.

There would have been room for a Freshman young,
Room enough, yes, and to spare,
And when I came next, and the bell had rung,
It didn't seem hardly fair

That more of the U. C. G.s should ride,
And I should be left in the cold.
Sometimes one's politeness is greatly tried—
(With sudden inspiration)
But then, some day *I'll* be old!

WELLESLEY POSTOFFICE.

MAILS ARRIVE FROM.	MAILS CLOSE FOR.
Boston and East—6.00, 7.45, 9.05 A. M.; 3.00, 6.35 P. M.	Boston and East—7.30, 10.15 A. M. 3.45, 3.55, 7.00 P. M.
Way Stations—7.45, 9.00 A. M.; 3.00 P. M.	Way Stations—10.15 A. M. 3.55, 7.00 P. M.
West and South—6.00, 10.30, A. M. 3.07 P. M.	West and South—8.45 A. M. 1.40,* 5.40, 12.00 P. M
Northern Div. O. C. R. R., Fitchburg, So. Framingham and Natick—7.15 P. M.	Northern Div. O. C. R. R., Natick, So. Framingham and Fitchburg—7.30 P. M.
South Natick—8.00 A. M. 4.30 P. M.	South Natick—8.45 A. M. 4.25 P. M.
College—8.00, 11.00 A. M. 5.00 P. M.	College—8.30 A. M. 4.45, 6.45 P. M.

*South only. [West only.

Mail letters at least five minutes before time for closing mails.
Letters should be *sealed* and *stamped*.
Nothing can be attached or pasted on a postal card except at the letter rates.
Second, third and four class matter *must not* be sealed against inspection.
Liquids can be mailed only in metal or wooden boxes.
No limit of weight to first or second class matter, or single book; all other matter limited to four pounds.
Never send money in an ordinary letter. Purchase a money order or have your letter registered.
Post Office open at 6.45 A. M. and closed at 8 P. M. Wednesday evenings closed at 7.30 P. M.
Money order department open at 7 A. M. and closed at 7 P. M. H. K. SAWYER, P. M.